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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Merle and Maiden.

Paraphrased from the Platt-Deutsch of KLAUS GROTH.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

On a beechen tree,
Singing merrily,
Sits a merle in the sunshine gleaming;
Sweet to hear and see!

Cease, wild merle, to sing,
Fly on airy wing
Unto where—her lattice-pane shading—
Linden branches swing.

Perch and nestle there,
Plume thy winglets fair;
Warble loudly, until the maiden
Looks out unaware!

Many a plume-soft curl
Crowns the bird-voiced girl,
Oft I look for her wings, and tremble;
Canst thou see them, merle?

My Recollections of Mendelssohn.

Translated for this Journal from the German of EDWARD DEVIKENT.

My personal relations with Felix Mendelssohn began in January, 1822. He was a boy of nearly thirteen years, and I a young man of over twenty, having held for nearly three years the position of baritone singer at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and having already given stability to my life through an early betrothal.

It was six years after the removal of the Mendelssohn family from Paris to Berlin; they had lived before that time in Hamburg, where Felix was born on the 3d of February, 1809. I had occasionally seen the boy; his appearance was striking, with his long, brown, curly hair, as he stepped vigorously along through the streets, in his great shoes, having hold of his father's hand. In the last of those years I often remarked him, on my usual way to my betrothed, before the door of the grandmother's house on the new promenade, eagerly playing tag with other boys. In musical circles I had heard of the boy's extraordinary capacities, had seen him at the Sing-Akademie and at Zelter's Friday music meetings, had also met him at a singing tea party, where he stood among the grown people in his child's dress, the *habit* so called: a tight jacket, cut out wide about the throat, over which were buttoned the wide trowsers. The little fellow liked to stick his hands into his side pockets, and would rock his curly head sideways to and fro, as he restlessly stepped from one foot upon the other. With eyelids almost wholly closed, the brown eyes flashing out between, he jerked out his answers to the curious examining questions—such as people are apt to put to wonder-children—with a stammering tongue, almost defiantly.

His piano playing I found to be of astonishing facility and musical certainty; but it was then still inferior to that of his older sister Fanny. They told, however, of compositions, even little operas, by the boy.

Meanwhile my intended bride Theresa had be-

come acquainted with Fanny at the Singakademie; and as it was the wish in the Mendelssohn house again this winter, as in the one before, to sing Felix's opera compositions, and there was need of a Soprano for it, Theresa was introduced there by her singing teacher Zelter, who was Director of the Singakademie, and teacher of harmony in the Mendelssohn house, where he was highly esteemed and intimate. Soon it became my turn also. Felix's violin teacher, Concertmeister Henning, was to have sung the bass parts, but found himself unfitted for it and proposed me for a substitute. And so I went to the rehearsals of Felix's earliest operas in the house of his parents.

Considering the wealth attributed to the father, the arrangement of the house must have appeared scrupulously simple. Carpets and furniture were very modest, but the walls of the saloon were covered with copperplate engravings of Rafael's *Loggie*. The singers sat around the large dining table and near to the piano, at which upon a high cushion Felix sat and, unembarrassed, earnest, zealous, as if engaging in some boys' play with his comrades, directed us and played the master. The fact of so many grown persons exerting themselves for the sake of his compositions, seemed just as little to make him vain, as the fact that he had just written his third little opera and was engaged upon a larger one. Evidently with him the one concern was making music, and he took for granted that it was so with us too. It struck us all on the first evening that self-esteem and vanity in the boy were very weak, while, on the contrary, the wish to gain experience, to learn, to test, to get onward for the sake of the thing itself, was decidedly predominant. After the pieces had been tried through, he had no care but to gather the sheets of music carefully together and lay them in order, before listening to our flattering expressions, which he received politely, but was glad to lead the talk back to details of execution in the way of question or correction.

There were two one-act operas, which we rehearsed there several times: "The two Schoolmasters" (*Die beiden Pädagogen*), which had already been sung in the preceding winter, together with his first attempt: "*Soldatenliebschaft*"—with which I did not become acquainted—and a new one: "The travelling Virtuosos" (*Die wandernden Virtuosen*). The texts to these were made up from French vaudevilles by the young Doctor Caspar, who sang the tenor buffo parts with a great deal of vivacity.

The music was peculiar, artlessly adhering to the natural declamation of the words, without melodic invention particularly, but taking advantage of the comical moments with humor and with tact. I sought for resemblance with older composers, and was only able to find it with Dittersdorf. Prominent in effect was a duet of the second opera between a pretended and a real schoolmaster, who disputed about the educational methods of Basedow and Pestalozzi; Dr. Caspar

and I sang it to the great amusement of a large company at the rehearsals and performance.

From this time Theresa and I were much at home in the Mendelssohn house, Felix became attached to me, which seemed to please the parents, and Theresa's relation to Fanny grew more intimate.

We made music many an evening now; we read pieces of Shakspeare, dividing the characters round; we took part actively or as listeners in the Sunday music, for which the father's means enabled him to gather about his son a little orchestra from the Royal Kapelle, so that Felix enjoyed the immeasurable advantage of becoming, even in those years of boyhood, intimately acquainted with the nature of the instruments and the way of using them, and of being able to try over his own compositions at once in practical execution. The boy stood on a tabouret before his note desk, and there among the seated musicians, especially alongside of the gigantic contrabassist, he looked wonder-childlike enough in his boy's dress, as, shaking the long locks over his bare neck, he looked off over the men like a little field marshal, then boldly struck in with the baton, and with composure and with certainty, yet always as if listening and trying to detect a sound, directed his piece through to the end.

Of course he also produced other compositions than his own at these Sunday music parties, and both he and Fanny played Trios and other piano pieces with orchestra.

Obviously this early growing into an understanding of the orchestra and into the routine of direction, must have had great influence in Felix's development. I learned at all events to know the rich training apparatus, the signal combination of instructive powers, which worked upon his education. The mother, in the first place, had discovered a talent for the piano in the two older children, which she developed by her own tuition. In Berlin, the downright, honest, sturdy Zelter had become their teacher in harmony, and the gentle, warm-hearted Berger their piano teacher; with the exact Henning Felix began to play the violin. The droll little Professor Rösel gave them instruction in landscape drawing; Felix learned more of him than the other children did; he learned at a later period to free himself from the manner of his master. But the young Dr. Heyse (father of the poet Paul Heyse) was the family tutor of the four children, who were all endowed with extraordinary gifts of understanding; he, in his quiet, thorough way, furthered Felix's scientific development until the examination for the university. His younger sister Rebecca, by her participation in the lessons, helped him overcome his disinclination to the study of the Greek language. The mother, a shrewdly intelligent and finely cultivated woman, as well as busy housekeeper, who was found constantly employed either in reading or in the hospitable work of her hands, inexorably insisted on the children being kept to industry. That activity became for Felix a habitual necessity, was perhaps due

to this cause. Less attractive labors he had to perform in his mother's chamber, at her feet, and at Rebecca's little table. When I visited the mother's house in the forenoon and he with his bread and butter—which gave him the right to quit the scene of labor—came into the ante-room to chat with me, longer than the bread and butter lasted, the short and sudden exclamation of the mother: "Felix, are you doing nothing?" was soon sure to scare him back again into the inner chamber.

The weightiest influence on the son's development was, clearly enough, that of the father. Abraham Mendelssohn was a remarkable man, in whose soul and mind life mirrored itself with unusual clearness, whose thinking and feeling, study and experience had allowed him to find the divine in the higher reason. To the born Jew, the son of the philosopher Moses Mendelssohn, this conviction was natural; to me, standing in that period of sentimental enthusiasm in the church, it only by degrees became intelligible; but the sure measure by which he estimated the worth of things impressed me instantly. The conviction that our life is a pledge to labor, to useful deed and effort, this conviction Felix inherited from his father.

A striking phenomenon, with all that wisdom, one which may have been induced by physical causes, was Abraham Mendelssohn's disputatious temper, which grew on him with years, and indeed became more and more cavilling and intolerable. Had the cause of this irritability any connection with his sudden death, and may it possibly have been inherited by Felix?

When in addition to the distinguished persons who had a stated and official influence on Felix, we count in the older and younger friends of the family, the transient visits too of honored and remarkable strangers, we may say, that nowhere among all the conspicuous men of our people can we point to a second example of a youth so favored.

(To be continued).

Concerning Bach's Passion-Music to St. Matthew.

[Not only our readers in and around Berlin, says the editor of the *Berlin Echo*, but also those not affected by our local matters, will, we think, feel interested in an episode from Mendelssohn's youth, related by E. Devrient in his entertaining work, *My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*. This episode treats of one of the most important steps taken to carry out the difficult task which young Mendelssohn and Devrient undertook, namely, to persuade old Zelter to lend his countenance to a performance of Sebastian Bach's *Passion-Music to St. Matthew*. The young men perceived very clearly that, if they could once gain over Zelter, they would gain over the principal person, and remove the greatest impediment in their path. Well prepared, therefore, as Devrient relates, they wended their way to old Zelter's room on the ground floor of the Singacaademie.]

... Before the door Felix observed:
"I may as well tell you, if he gets rude I shall go; I must not have a row with him."
"Rude he will certainly be," I replied, "but I will undertake all the rowing."

We knocked. The master called out loudly to us, in his rough voice, to come in. We found the old giant in a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke, with his pipe in his mouth, sitting at his old grand piano with its two rows of keys. In his hand he held the quill pen with which he used to write, while a sheet of music lay before him. He had on his short, sand-colored loose coat, a pair of drawers, which, though tied below the knee, were intended to be worn with knee-breeches, coarse woollen stockings, and shoes with a pattern embroidered upon them. He had raised his head, the white hair on which was brushed back, and turned his face, with its bluff, commonplace, and yet imposing features, towards the door. On recognizing us through his spectacles, he called out in a friendly tone, and his usual broad way, "Hallo! What's this? Two such handsome

young gentlemen so early! Well, to what am I indebted for this honor? Here, be seated!"

He conducted us to a corner of the room, and sat down upon a plain-looking sofa, while we fetched ourselves chairs.

I now began the speech, which I had well thought over before-hand, about the admiration felt for Bach's work, with which we had first become acquainted at Zelter's Friday musical meetings, and which we had afterwards studied more thoroughly at Mendelssohn's house. I said we wished to yield to the desire universally expressed, and to make an attempt to restore the *chef-d'œuvre* to the public, and—if Zelter would give his consent and support—get up a performance of it with the help of the Singacaademie.

"Yes," he said slowly, and stretching his chin up in the air, as was his custom when discussing anything with especial earnestness, "but how is the thing to be done? Such an enterprise demands greater resources than those we at present possess."

He then dilated upon what the work required and the difficulties it presented; he said that for such choruses we ought to have the St. Thomas's School at Leipsic, and have it, moreover, as it used to be when Sebastian Bach was the *Cantor* there; that a double orchestra, also, was necessary; and that the violinists of the present day did not know how to treat such music. He added that the whole matter had been long and thoroughly considered, and that, if the difficulties inherent to it could have been so lightly overcome, the *Passion-Music* which Bach had composed to all the four Evangelists would long since have been performed.

While speaking, he had warmed up, and, rising from the sofa, laid down his pipe, and walked backwards and forwards in the room. We, also, rose, and Felix pulled me by the coat. He already gave the matter up as lost.

I replied that we—to wit, Felix—thought the difficulties very great, but were courageous enough to consider them not insurmountable. I observed that, thanks to him (Zelter), the Singacaademie was not unacquainted with Sebastian Bach, and that he had trained the chorus so admirably that it was capable of coping with any difficulty whatsoever; that Felix had become acquainted with the work through his instrumentality, and was indebted to him for the hints as to how it ought to be conducted. I remarked that I was burning to sing in public the part of our Saviour, and that we thought ourselves justified in believing that the same enthusiasm which animated us would soon extend to all engaged in the enterprise, and cause it to succeed.

Zelter kept growing more and more angry. He had indulged from time to time in expressions of doubt and of disdain, on hearing which, Felix had again pulled me by the coat, and gradually edged towards the door. The old gentleman now broke out:

"Do you expect any one to listen patiently to what you are saying! Very different people from you have been obliged to abandon all notion of undertaking this task, and now a couple of snivelling boys come and tell me it is all child's play."

He shot off this pleasing specimen of Berlin politeness with the utmost energy, and I could scarcely refrain from laughing. He, however, was a privileged person, who could be as rude as he chose; besides, for the *Christi Passion*, and from our old master, we could well afford to put up with worse than this.

I now looked round towards Felix, who was standing at the door with the handle in his hand. His face was pale and wore a somewhat offended expression. He made a sign for us to go. I gave him to understand that we must remain, and then began boldly to argue the matter further. I observed that, young though we were, we were not so inexperienced but that our master had already considered us capable of carrying out many a difficult task; that the spirit of enterprise was especially appropriate to youth, and that, finally, it must be gratifying for him to see two of his own pupils attempt the most sublime composition he had ever taught them.

My arguments were evidently beginning to work; the crisis was past.

I went on to say that we desired only to make the experiment whether the project could be carried out, and begged he would allow us to do so and give us his assistance; if the experiment did not succeed, we could always, I remarked, give it up without disgrace.

"How do you mean to set about it?" he asked, standing still. "You think of nothing. First of all there is the committee, who must consent: a great many persons each with an opinion of his own—and there are a lot of women, too, concerned—you will find it is no such easy matter to make them all agree."

I replied that the members of the committee were favorably inclined towards me; that the principal lady members, who led the others, took part in the vocal practice at Mendelssohn's, and were already gained over to our cause, and that I hoped to obtain the use of the concert-room, and the co-operation of the general body of the members.

"Oh, ah, the members!" exclaimed Zelter, "they will be the first to thwart you. One day ten of them come to rehearsal, and the next day, twenty stop away!"

We were able to laugh sincerely at his facetious remark, for it proved that our cause was gained. Felix now explained to the old gentleman his plan for holding the preparatory rehearsals in the small concert room, and spoke of the constitution of the orchestra, which Edward Rietz was to conduct. As Zelter could at last advance no more practical objections, he said:

"Well, I will not oppose you—on the contrary, I will speak up for you, when requisite. In Heaven's name, set to work; we shall see how you will get on."

We parted with grateful hearts, and as good friends, from our worthy old bear.

"It is all right!" I said, in the hall.

"My dear fellow," replied Felix, "you are a very devil, an arch-jesuit!"

"It is all for the greater glory of Heaven and of Sebastian Bach," I answered, and we went out with joyous hearts into the winter air, for we had been successful in the most important portion of the business.*

* As our readers are aware, the young artists, after surmounting many obstacles, succeeded in getting the *Passion-Music* performed. The performance took place on the 11th March, 1829, with a completeness that proved decisive in establishing the influence exercised by Sebastian Bach on the music of the present day.—*Ed. Berlin Echo*.

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Continued from page 380).

Our esteemed master Neukomm was also passing a couple of weeks in September with his friends in Trouville. He wished to see Rossini, and as he had not met him for twenty-five years, I called with him. Rossini at once recollected how at that time, at the Duchess of Vaudemont's, Neukomm had given him some hints about the construction of an Aeolian harp of which he had several made at the country seat of his friend Aguado. The two distinguished men conversed together in the most cordial manner. I had told Rossini much about Neukomm, especially of his incredible, and really wonderful activity, which kept him prisoner at his writing desk from the earliest hour of morning. Thereupon Rossini began:

You are still ever unwearied in producing, Signor Chevalier, he said to him.

—When it comes to such a pass that I can work no more, replied Neukomm, they may lay me between six boards and nail them up; I shall not care to know any more of life.

—You have the passion of industry. I always have had that of laziness! exclaimed Rossini.

—The forty operas of your composing are not exactly a proof of that, replied Neukomm.

—That was long ago. But one should bring into the world with him whip-cords instead of nerves, said the maestro somewhat seriously. But let us leave that. You have travelled extensively, and indeed have been for several years in Brazil?

—I had accepted the place of court-kapellmeister with Don Pedro, who was a very music-loving gentleman. He even busied himself with composition.

—I can tell you something about that, said Rossini. He had been so gracious as to send me an order. Afterwards when he came, somewhat against his will, to Paris, I thanked him for it, and, as I had heard about his compositions, I asked him to allow something of them to be performed at the Italian Opera, to which he willingly consented.

—He would even have directed, had you wished it, interrupted Neukomm.

—Impossible! He sent me a Cavatina, which I had copied out, with the addition of a few trombone blasts; it was well performed in a concert at the Italian Opera, received quite a respectable applause, and Don Pedro in his box appeared to feel great pleasure in it,—at all events he thanked me in the warmest manner.—

I must insert here by way of completion of this little anecdote, that I spoke of it in the saloon of the Countess B. I remember that evening perfectly well, said the Countess, for Don Pedro came after the concert into the Tuileries and looked perfectly transfigured. He declared that he never in all his life experienced so great a pleasure. These enthusiastic outbursts on the part of a man, who had just lost an empire, appeared strange enough.

—Perhaps it is not always the weightiest things, that give us the greatest pleasure, I took the liberty of remarking.

—Another forenoon I was with Rossini at Neukomm's. The latter had in his chamber a little *Orgue expressif*, which contained many improvements and conveniences suggested by himself. With the youthful vivacity, peculiar to him, Neukomm explained all the details and begged Rossini to try the instrument. He sat down and played, as well as he could, a couple of dozen bars of the "Chaos" from the "Creation," which was naturally very gratifying to the old scholar of Haydn. Then I played with Neukomm some movements from "The Seven Words," which he had arranged for piano and *orgue expressif*, which led to mention of the fact that Neukomm had performed this labor for a great number of the greatest works of Handel, Haydn and Mozart, of course simply for his own satisfaction and the pleasure of a few friends.

Afterwards, as we walked away together, Rossini said, evidently moved: Such industry, such genuine simple love of Art are in the highest degree honorable. No money interest comes in play there, no self love, or at least so small a dose of it that it is not worth speaking of. I have great respect for it!

—Did your extraordinary successes ever turn your head? I asked Rossini one day. You were so young, it would have been no wonder.

—My extraordinary successes! said the maestro, smiling in his peculiar way. But seriously speaking, I have always remained tolerably quiet in success, and in a *fiasco* likewise; and for that I thank an impression I received in my earliest youth and which I never have forgotten.

—What was that?

—Before I had yet given my first operetta, began the maestro, I was present in Venice at the first production of a one-act opera of Simon Mair. Mair, you know, at that time was the hero of the day; he had produced perhaps twenty operas in Venice with the greatest success. In spite of all that, the public treated him that evening as if he were an ignorant vagabond; you can form no idea of such a rudeness. I was really shocked. Is this the way you reward a man who has provided you enjoyment for so many years? Dare you take such liberties, because you have paid a couple of paoli entrance money? Then verily it is not worth while, thought I, to take your judgment much to heart; and on this principle I have acted ever since as much as possible.

—They have not always behaved very gently towards you; I said.

—Too true! you know how they maltreated me at the first performance of "The Barber;" and

that was not the only time. But one evening the Venetians touched me. It was at the first performance of an opera, *Sigismonda*, which made them most heartily tired. I saw by their looks, how gladly they would have aired their impatience; but they controlled themselves, kept still and let the music float past undisturbed. I was quite affected by this amiability.

—I can fancy to myself a lively picture of it, said I laughing.

—To say the truth, continued Rossini in a lively tone, I was at that time the most insolent fellow in the world. I loved my parents tenderly, and care on their account disturbed me, until I had so far succeeded as to make their subsistence sure. Beyond that, the devil might take all and several. It was very wrong, I dare say; but I could not do otherwise, I was so constituted.

—It was very well that it was so! Else you never would have composed "The Barber." But, *apropos* of "The Barber," I have sometimes heard it maintained, that the arietta of Marcellina in the second act was not yours. Is it so?

—You mean the *aria di sorbetto*? said Rossini. I must boast the composition of that. A *aria* that reminds me of another *aria di sorbetto*, which was droll enough.

—What was that?

—In an opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*, I had a dreadful *seconda donna*. She was not only beyond all licence hideous, but her voice too was worthless. After the most careful examination, I discovered that she possessed one single tone, the B flat of the middle octave, which sounded not badly. So I wrote her an *aria* in which she had nothing else but that one tone to sing, gave all to the orchestra, and as the piece pleased and was applauded, my one-toned singer was overjoyed at her triumph.

—She was at least modest. But this *Ciro*? I have neither seen nor heard of it.

—It belongs with my *fiascos*. When I returned from its unfortunate production to Bologna, I found an invitation to a picnic. I ordered at a confectioner's a little ship of march-pane, whose flag bore the name "Ciro;" the mast was broken, the sail full of holes, and it lay on its side, swimming in a sea of sweet cream. The merry company laughingly devoured my wrecked vessel.

—But that does not prove, said I, that your Persian conqueror deserved his fate;—the case is peculiar. Your *Zelmira* is one of your least known operas, and yet it certainly belongs among your best.

—During my stay in Vienna, said Rossini, it had great success; but it requires such an excellent *ensemble* of singers, as I had with me there. I had uncommonly fine times there.

—Were you also satisfied with the musical materials you found there? I asked.

—The chorus was excellent. The orchestra, too, was very good; it only wanted power, which possibly was accidental. Did you know Weigl?

—I saw him for a moment in my earliest boyhood; he was then directing.

—Very likely. He knew that he had been described to me as one of my great enemies. To convince me of the contrary, he rehearsed *Zelmira* in the orchestra with a carefulness such as I had never known either in myself or others. I wanted sometimes to beg him not to be so very particular about it; but I had to confess that it went wonderfully. At that time I heard several of my operas in a German translation, and indeed to my greatest satisfaction. The German language adapted itself to my music much better than the French, as I was afterwards convinced. Among the singers I recollect particularly the basso, Forti, as a great talent. The Ungher and the Sontag began their career at that time.

—I am not surprised at what you say of the German translation of your operas. To be sure, I could not swear to the excellence of their diction; but our prosody, which has pretty well determined long and short quantities, stands much nearer to the Italian, than the French does.

—In the translations which they made of several

* An Italian expression, to designate the pieces sung by the second or third singers, while the company refreshed themselves with ice-creams, &c.

of my operas for the Grand Opera, said Rossini, I often could not trust my ears; the substituted text seemed to me impossible, intolerable. But Nourrit, to whom I spoke of it, found it all right; I also saw that no one was disturbed by it. It would have been laughable to wish to be more severe than Frenchmen were, and so I did not press the matter; but the impression which I had of it has never changed.

—The French composers frequently are not very exact in their treatment of the text, and many foreigners have set them examples in that respect. How admirably has not our German Gluck declaimed the French!

—It would have been bad, if he had not done it, replied the maestro, since with him the declamatory part forms the foundation of the whole.

—Do you believe, maestro, that poetry and music ever can excite an equal interest at the same time?

—When the charm of the tone has once fairly seized upon the listener, said Rossini, with fire, the words will surely have the worst of it. But if the music does not tell, of what use is it? It is then unnecessary, if not superfluous, or even an annoyance.

—You must tell me still more about your boyhood, maestro, I began, over a game of Domino; for you were properly a boy when you began to write operas. How came it, that you made your debut in Venice, of all places?

—Accident plays so great a part in our career! exclaimed Rossini. At the age of thirteen I was engaged for the opera season in Sinigaglia as *maestro al cembalo*. I found there a singer, who sang not badly, but was just one of the most unmusical sort. One day in an *aria* she made a *cadenza* of a harmonic adventurousness, that went beyond everything. I tried to make it clear to her, that she should have some regard to the harmony held out in the orchestra, and she even seemed to see the truth of this remark to a certain degree; but at the performance she abandoned herself again to her inspiration, and made a *cadenza*, at which I could not refrain from laughing out. But the parterre also broke out into a loud laugh and the *donna* was furious. She complained to her special protector, the gentleman who on the part of the city stood at the head of the opera, a very wealthy and respectable Venetian, who had large estates in Sinigaglia; she accused me particularly of uncivil conduct, maintaining that I had set the public laughing by my own behavior. I was summoned into the austere presence of the gentleman and severely rated by him. If you allow yourself to make fun of the first artistes, said he to me in a domineering tone, I will have you thrown into prison. He might have been able to do that, but I did not let myself be intimidated, and the affair took another turn. I explained to him my harmonic scruples, convinced him of my innocence, and instead of sending me to prison, he conceived the liveliest fancy for me and told me finally, that if I ever got so far as to be able to compose an opera, I must come to him and he would commission me to write one.

—And did he keep his word?

—I may thank him for my first *scrittura* in Venice, and with a remuneration of 200 francs, which at that time seemed to be not small.

—At the theatre San Mosé, was it not?

—Yes; that theatre has since gone down, and it is a great loss for the younger Italian composers. They used to give their short comic operas, for four or five persons, without chorus, without change of scenery, which could be studied in the shortest time, and which cost the impresario but little. Hence it was easy to get one's work brought out there and acquire a little experience. Many distinguished composers have made their debut there. To-day, if a young Italian composer wishes to make a first attempt upon the stage, and has not some thousands of francs to throw away upon it, he will hardly be able to accomplish it. In fact, quite other means are now required, such as it is hardly to be supposed an impresario would risk.

—What a pity that the Italians have so entirely

forsaken the *opera buffa*, in which they have achieved so much that is excellent! said I.

—The Neapolitans especially, replied Rossini, had a peculiar talent for it. This kind requires perhaps rather a lively feeling for the nature of the stage, than great musical gifts. But now the singers, too, for that are wanting. This daily handling of the stiletto makes them quite unfit to move with lightness and with grace.

—Do you ascribe it to political events, that such a preponderating taste for the tragic, the pathetic, rules just now in Italy?

—I do not know, said the *maestro*, but I have observed, that when by way of exception an *opera buffa* has once been tolerably given, it always exercises a certain attractive power, and causes a good deal of merriment among the people.

—And that is something not to be despised! said I, thinking of Goethe's comical side.

—One day the *maestro* suddenly sang the beginning of the finale from Beethoven's Septet, and then a Scherzo of the same master.—From which Symphony is this movement? he asked, turning to me.

—From the *Eroica*.

—Right. What an energy, what a fire dwelt in that man! What treasures are contained in his piano-forte Sonatas! I am not sure that they do not stand higher with me than his Symphonies; there is perhaps even more inspiration in them. Did you know Beethoven?

—I had the fortune, when a boy, to speak with him a few weeks before his death.—I answered.

—During my stay in Vienna, said Rossini, I was presented to him by the old Calpani; but, with his deafness and my ignorance of the German language, conversation was impossible. I rejoice that I have at least seen him.—But your Weber also was a capital fellow—his treatment of the orchestra, the new efforts which he won from the instruments! Did he write Symphonies also?

—He made one attempt, which however cannot be counted among his most felicitous. On the contrary his Overtures, even in the concert room, are among our most favorite pieces for the orchestra.

—And justly, said the *maestro*, although I cannot exactly approve the practice of introducing in the overture the finest motives of the opera; if only because it robs them of the charm of novelty when they occur again. Besides, it is not easy to divine their relations to one another, before the play. But Weber had precious ideas! How exquisite the entrance of the march in his *Concert-stück*, with the deep clarinet tones! (Rossini sang the first part of it). I have always loved to hear this piece.

—You have heard it from Liszt, who in truth played it as no other could! I interrupted.

—Poor Weber! He visited me in Paris on his journey to London; he looked then so weak and suffering, that to me it was incomprehensible how he could undertake such a journey. He hoped, he told me, to be able to earn something substantial there for his family;—he should have preserved himself for them. The way in which he approached me, was singular; to me there was something in it almost comical.

—How so, *maestro*?

—It seems that Weber at an earlier period had once written a newspaper article about, or rather against, my *Tancredi*, and he thought it necessary, therefore, to have me asked, through an acquaintance, whether I would be willing to see him. If I had had any anticipation, when as a twenty-year old chap I put *Tancredi* upon paper, that a foreign composer would have taken any sort of notice of it, I should really have reckoned it an honor. You can imagine, that Weber's visit was none the less welcome to me on that account.

—Newspaper articles have never troubled you much! said I.

—Certainly not! replied the *maestro*, laughing. To think of all that was written against me, when I came to Paris! Indeed the old Berton made verses upon me, in which he called me Mr. Crescendo. But all that passed without danger to life! What does annoy me is, that they have

circulated a mass of untrue stories about me, in which I sometimes play a strange part enough—but we must put up with all that.

—But you must some day dictate your biography to somebody, said I. The particulars of so rich a life as yours ought not to be lost. I too shall soon be able to furnish a small contribution to it! You perceive, I listen to you as if I belonged to the secret police.

—Keep on asking questions, my dear Ferdinand! as long as you are at all interested.

—Poor *maestro*! Then you will have to hold forth many a time yet!

(To be continued.)

Schumann's "Cologne" Symphony (in E flat.)

The Symphony lately played at the Crystal Palace, will do more for its composer's fame than any other single work known to the English public. What are the opinions entertained of it by one of Schumann's most consistent admirers, the following remarks taken from the Crystal Palace programme will show:

"This symphony, though numbered the third, is really the last of Schumann's four. It was composed between the 2nd November and 9th December, 1850, and therefore very shortly after its author had entered on his office as Director of the Music at Düsseldorf, of which he first discharged the public functions on the 24th of the preceding October. The symphony is known in Germany as 'the Rhinish' ('die Rheinische'), because Schumann was in the habit of saying that the first impulse towards its composition had been produced on his mind by the sight of the cathedral at Cologne, and strengthened by the grand ceremonial of the installation there of the archbishop as cardinal, which he witnessed while engaged in the composition. The impression which this ceremony made on his mind he has recorded in the fourth movement, or introduction to the *Finale*, which in the MS. score is entitled, 'Im Character der Begleitung einer feierlichen Ceremonie'—to accompany a religious ceremonial—and, having this key to its meaning, the movement can hardly fail to impress every one who hears it (or rather who makes acquaintance with it, and will endeavor to understand it) as a very stately and dignified composition, with a strong ecclesiastical and Catholic tone, and embodying with remarkable effect the impressions made by such great ceremonials on a thoughtful witness. The other movements Schumann used to say were intended to have a popular, or national (*volkstümlich*) cast, and this is very perceptible in the second (answering to the usual *Scherzo* or minuet), and in the last. The second movement is of a festive or jovial cast. The air which forms its chief subject is identical in its first few notes with the Vintagers' chorus from *Loreley*—and it is possible (though this is a mere conjecture) that they may be founded on some song of the vine districts of the Rhine. Alternating with this is a subject entirely different in form, and very humorous in expression, and the whole movement has an unmistakable realistic character, as if descriptive of some popular festivity. It may be mentioned *en passant* that, while in Schumann's other symphonies he has two 'Trios' to the *Scherzo*—a practice doubtless deriving its authority from the repetition of the trio by Beethoven in his fourth and seventh symphonies—in the present case he omits the trio entirely.—The third or slow movement may be described as a song without words.—The strength of the symphony lies in its first and fourth portions. The former is a fine impetuous piece of which any composer might be proud—and the latter will, as already remarked, always make a deep impression on any open to the mystical influences of the great ceremonials which it is intended to represent. The symphony in E flat was first performed at Düsseldorf on the 6th February, 1851. In England it has been played at one of Signor Arditi's concerts, on the 4th December, 1865, and by the Musical Society of London on June 13, 1866."

With some of the foregoing opinions we agree. For example, we have not the smallest doubt as to the "strength" of the first movement. While so full of individuality that the authorship of every bar is indisputable, there is about it a sustained elevation, a clearness of treatment, and a breadth of effect by no means generally and readily obvious in Schumann's works. So again, the second movement is an admirable example of its kind. The composer's intentions with regard to it would have been clear without verbal explanations, and, as popular music of a festive cast, it is signally successful. We will even go so far as to say that the movement is not unworthy of Mendelssohn, though belonging to a class of music in which Mendelssohn was specially happy. It has much of the charming simplicity, easy grace, and

quiet humor we are accustomed to associate with the latter composer. The third movement (*Andante*) we cannot like so well. Its themes are far from novel, their treatment is not happy, and, in brief, the whole fails to interest. [1] Nor can we feel enthusiastic about the succeeding *Religioso*, notwithstanding the earnest pleading and actual example of the writer above quoted. To us the movement seems in great part obscure, conveying few definite impressions, and only exciting to wonder at what it all may mean. Even when we regard it simply as "pure" music our love for it is scarcely greater. The frequent breaking in of a trivial figure upon the solemnity of the main theme is then resented as an unwarrantable intrusion, displaying the worst taste. The *Finale*, though simpler in character and treatment than the first *Allegro*, yet falls below it in point of merit. Its bustling animation is, however, in strong contrast to the *Religioso*, and appropriately closes a work which contains such jovial music as the *Scherzo*—*Lond. Mus. World*.

Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, JAN. 1, 1869.—A Happy New Year, dear Journal! Nowhere are your bright face and cheerful columns more welcome than at our pleasant rooms on Königgrätzer Strasse, to say nothing of the pleasure of reading the clear and familiar type of our musical Journal in this land of poor print and poorer paper.

The new year finds the musical season in Berlin nearly at its height. The numerous concerts offered for our benefit place us often in a dilemma. It is not a question of scarcity, on the contrary more than one choice programme often tempts the music lover on the same evening, exclusive of the opera, which is always a standby, though unfortunately the opera does not sustain its former reputation. Of the Sopranis, Lucca is at present in Petersburg, where at last accounts she was dangerously ill; Frau Wippon, to hear whose beautiful voice was ever such a delight, is in Italy hoping to restore her treasure, lost through a severe attack of diphtheria, and Artot has made a permanent engagement elsewhere. Wachtel, the tenor, will soon terminate his short engagement of two months; though in other respects the musical wants are well supplied. Berlin boasts of four orchestras at present; beginning with the Royal Capelle, we have next the Berliner Sinfonie Capelle—formerly Liebig's,—a third under Bilse, and a fourth under Liebig. The Royal Orchestra is giving its usual number of soirées in the Saal of the Opera House. They are of course fully attended by the elite of the city. It may sound strange to many of our concert goers, especially those who attend our Harvard Musical concerts, that the holders of season tickets to the Royal Symphony Soirées are privileged to retain them so long as they wish by sending in their names at the close of each season. Instead of "first come first served"—generally the custom with us—the tickets simply continue to be held by their present possessors, and for life if they choose. As nearly all the seats are reserved, the number of single tickets is very small, and almost entirely dependent upon the humor of the regular concert goers who may or may not send in their tickets which they happen not to use. You are entitled to one of these scattering numbers if fortunate enough to secure a place for your name very near the top of a list of similar sufferers, always so long that the majority are left out in the cold. There has been quite an excitement lately in musical circles at the removal of Taubert, leader of the Royal Capelle, a musician who has earned his position by hard labor and long service—over thirty years. It occurred to the Queen while in Stuttgart, that Eckart would be a pleasant change for her Sinfonie Concerts, and Taubert was quietly ousted from his place. Such a move in conservative Berlin was without precedent. The matter was smoothed over, however, by leaving Taubert his full salary and conductorship of the opera performances. Dorn, his assistant was pensioned on three hundred thalers. Eckart meanwhile will conduct the Royal

Concerts. To be in the service of Royalty has its charms, but to be dependent for a living on a position subject to the fickle disposal of another has its drawbacks as well.

What combination and unity of action can effect, may be seen in the programmes of the Berlin Orchestra concerts. Stern, the conductor, was two years ago leader of the "Stern'sche Gesangverein," a society of 250 voices under superb training. Having now the orchestra under his baton, the two bodies are made to co-operate, and the voice bears an important part in every concert. We have lately had Beethoven's Ninth, besides choruses by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and last week the Christmas Oratorio of Bach. Next in order are the *Messiah* and *Creation*.

The Sing-Akademie will give Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, probably a mass by Kiel, and the never failing *Tod Jesu* of Graun, made historical by the Great Frederic. The work of Graun's has so rooted itself into the musical soil of Berlin as to be as regular in its return as the new year itself. There are many who write "*Tod Jesu*" on their new year's calendar, and rarely venture otherwise into the concert room. You will doubtless remember that Frederic the Great, after the successful termination of the eventful Seven Years War, ordered Graun's Oratorio to be sung to him alone—not another soul forming the audience—in the Chapel of the Charlottenburg Palace. A painting which I recently saw in the exhibition of the Art Academy, represents the King alone, sitting in his large oak chair, leaning forward upon his inseparable walking stick, listening with rapt attention to the praise of the God of battles, with whom he wished to commune alone.

The concerts of the Bilse orchestra are much frequented. There is a daily concert and two symphony soirées a week. Here is the programme of the last.

Sinfonie, C major.....Beethoven.
Iwan. "Musical character painting".....Rubinstein.
Calm Sea and Happy Voyage.....Mendelssohn.
Artist's Life. Waltz.....Strauss.
Evening Song.....Schumann.
Oberon's Magic Horn.....Wiegand.
Concert-Haus Polka.....Bilse.
Overture to Anacreon.....Cherubini.
Ave Maria (Arranged by Bilse).....Schubert.
Variations.....Beethoven.

A long programme, and for the popular price of ten cents. The audience is always large and the programme varied to suit the taste of every kind of musical palate. I will describe these concerts more in detail at another time, as they are unique and part of the Berlin musical life. Among other treats we have had the piano concerts of Tausig and Rubinstein. The former gave but one, Rubinstein a series of four. Tausig sits quietly at the piano, not a movement visible which is not directly necessary. He possesses a technique at once gigantic and marvellous, a mellow and firm touch, very powerful in the forte, limpid and clear as crystal in the utmost pianissimo passages. His rendering of a Bach prelude and fugue—the pianist's own arrangement—was delicious. No weak attempt at expression, too often the case in rendering the piano works of Bach, but with a beautiful touch, firm, strict tempo to the end, even as the surface of a lake on a calm midsummer day. The artist gave us one of the rarest of musical enjoyments, an insight into what the great master Bach meant by Prelude and Fugue. Rubinstein is the direct opposite of Tausig; he impresses you as a musical character. It is unnecessary to enjoy the one by comparison with the other; but Rubinstein's remarkable points are so remarkable, that no one who has heard the two artists can fail of comparing them. Wild, restless, impassioned with his subject, there is a certain sympathy, electric, between Rubinstein and his audience, which is rare indeed. But his wild playing often causes his striking false notes. His tempo is extreme, rapid or slow. We can almost forgive his spoiling a Beethoven Sonata by his fiery tempo, for the sake of the exquisite rendering of the Schumann Concerto and Chopin *Impromptu*. Tausig, on the

contrary, is the perfect exponent of his school; methodical to the last degree, he never allows the enthusiasm of the moment to make any inroad upon his masterly and wonderful technique. But more at another time.

P.S., Jan. 8.—Since the 1st of January Eckart has directed and will continue to direct at the Opera, and Taubert at the Royal Concerts. Report makes Taubert quite unpopular, and Dorn on the contrary a favorite. The latter takes his removal much more to heart than Taubert, and feels justly indignant that Eckart should fill the position. I noticed in the *Transcript* that Fräulein Callisto—why will people be so stupid as to be ashamed of their old Anglo-Saxon names—had taken the place of Lucca at the Royal Opera in Berlin. A mistake. She sang a few times and was well received; has a sweet voice tolerably well cultivated, and adapted to *coloratur*; but her whole style of singing, and her musical conception, very light. Of course she was obliged to sing in Italian, and the Intendant was severely criticized in the papers for such a "*Mangel an guten Geschmack*." The lady left after a few days stay here. Next week we have the *Paradies und Peri* of Schumann. The String Quartet Soirées are very fine,—will tell you about them soon.

PARIS, JAN. 4.—The second concert of the Conservatoire took place Dec. 20, the selections performed being the same as at the first concert, and the third of the series was given yesterday with the following programme:

Symphonie en ut mineur.....Beethoven.
Choeur de "Blanche de Provence".....Cherubini.
Fragment du ballet "Prométhée".....Beethoven.
Final du 1er Acte de "Loreley".....Mendelssohn.
Solo by Mlle. Marie Rouland.
29th Symphonie, en sol.....Haydn.

It was indeed a privilege to hear the C-minor Symphony played by an orchestra, every member of which is not only an accomplished and thorough executant, but is gifted with poetic insight enough to enable him to comprehend the music which he executes. I supposed myself tolerably familiar with the work, but at this performance I found in it much that was hitherto undreamed of in my philosophy.

The selection from "Prometheus," too, was splendidly performed, the soli by the flute and the 'cello being quite above praise; but I was less satisfied with the Haydn Symphony; although, judging from an ordinary stand point, there was no fault to find.

To represent a fragment of an Opera, detached from its dramatic accessories, is to test the music severely, and I fear that such an ordeal would be fatal to the recitatives and choruses of some of the operas in vogue at the present day; but the finale to the first act of *Loreley* is true gold, and equal to any test. The plot of the act is as follows: Leonore, ward of a boatman of Bacharach on the Rhine, has been chosen to attend, at the head of her companions, the marriage of the Count Palatine, and to felicitate the princely couple. She recognizes in the Count her own lover whom she has known until now, only under the garb of a hunter, and learns that she has been deceived by him. In despair and fury she wanders at night upon the banks of the Rhine, where she is discovered by the sylphs and undines, who promise to avenge her wrong on the condition that she will give herself to them forever. The music consists of a chorus of Sylphs and Undines, an air of Leonore and a recitative and air with chorus. Besides this finale there are only extant an Ave Maria with Chorus, a grand March and Chorus, and the beginning of two or three other pieces of music.

Mlle. Rouland is young and beautiful, and her manner and self-possession are such as many an older artist might envy. Her voice, too, is *jolie*, but I am compelled to say a little hard, particularly in the upper register, a defect which in this instance was nearly fatal to her success.

The popular concerts being held on the same day and at the same hour as the concerts of the Conser-

vatoire, I am, of course, unable to report them, but I give the programmes in their order:

2nd Series. First Concert Dec. 13, 1868.

Symphonie en la mineur.....Mendelssohn.
Adagio du 36^e Quatuor.....Haydn.
Ouvverture de Leonore (No. 3).....Beethoven.
Concerto en sol mineur.....Saint Saens.
Exécuté par M. Saint Saens.
Ouvverture d' Oberon.....Weber.

2nd Concert, Dec. 20, 1868.

Ouvverture de Semiramis.....Rossini.
Symphonie en re mineur. 1re Audition.....Schumann.
Air de ballet de Prométhée.....Beethoven.
Fragment de Romeo et Juliette.....Berlioz.
Largo et Finale.....Haydn.

3d Concert, Dec. 27, 1868.

Ouvverture de Médée.....W. Bargiel.
Symphonie Pastorale.....Beethoven.
Ouvverture de la Grotte de Fingal.....Mendelssohn.
Adagio du Quintette en sol mineur.....Mozart.
Suite d' orchestre, op. 113.....Franz Lachner.

4th Concert, Jan. 3, 1869.

Symphonie de la Reine.....Haydn.
Ouvverture de la Belle Melusine.....Mendelssohn.
Marche turque.....Mozart.
Concerto pour piano.....Litolff.
Symphonie en ut mineur.....Beethoven.

La Patti has departed for St. Petersburg, and our American prima donna, Minnie Hauck, takes her place at the "Italiens" and is variously criticized by the French journals. *La Liberté* devotes a half-column to the debut of this lady, and speaks of her appearance and manner of acting, but says not a word of her voice or her singing. Our friends in Chicago and Cincinnati will doubtless be interested in learning that Mlle. Hauck is described as being tinged with the "savage manners of the West."

At the Theatre Lyrique we have had some half-dozen representations of "*Le Brasseur de Preston*," and to-day we have again "*Iphigénie en Tauride*."

A. A. C.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—Ole Bull gave another,—and "last," of course—concert on Tuesday evening, and Mme. Parepa made a second appearance on Friday evening. There was very little diminution in the large audiences which always greet these artists.

On Saturday evening Theo. Thomas delighted us with his 2nd Symphony Soirée, which was attended by a large and well-behaved audience. Very agreeable were the serious attention and decorous quietness, showing a marked contrast to the loafism at the Philharmonic on the preceding Saturday evening. This was Mr. Thomas's programme:

Faust, Ein musikalisches Charakterbild, op. 68, 1st time.
Rubinstein.
Frühlings Phantasie, op. 23, 1st time.....N. W. Gade.
Piano, Vocal Quartet, and Orchestra.
7th Symphony, A, op. 92.....Beethoven.

Of the first two numbers it is difficult to give a sound opinion, simply because one hearing is not a sufficient basis; however, I will give my impressions, which subsequent performances would doubtless develop into certainties.

Rubinstein has more clearly and accurately painted, in tones, a Faust picture, than has any one who has thus far attempted the difficult task. Liszt failed lamentably (albeit the "*Gretchen*" is very neat) while Rubinstein has to an extent succeeded.* This work, then, while it belongs in a general way to the new school, has yet a continuity of purpose and melodious breathing places which are not characteristic of that school. The instrumentation, too, is effective, and altogether the composition made a favorable impression upon me.

Gade's "Spring-Fantasia" is a sort of symphony on a small scale, with piano and four voices thrown in. Very fresh and graceful, with neat bits of instrumentation, it added materially to the interest of the entertainment. It has three movements, the first in G minor, the second in C (opening in the minor and closing in the major), and the 3d in G major. The 2nd movement, with some exquisite passages for the wood wind instruments, has a strong Mendelssohn tinge, which indeed pervades the entire work.

Beethoven's 7th Symphony, best and most enjoyable of the nine, [so they all are!—Ed.] closed this

* What of Schumann's *Faust* music?—Ed.

interesting Soirée. To praise this noble work, composed about 1813, and of which the composer never heard anything but the roll of the drums, is to go over ground already well trodden. In the present age of musical taste and discernment, how strange does it appear to be reminded that, when it was first produced, a man no less great and true than Von Weber wrote, "That the extravagances of genius had reached their *ne plus ultra*, and that the author of such a symphony was fully ripe for the madhouse." Weber's judgment only proves to us how much Beethoven was in advance of his time.

To say that the orchestra played well would be a pleasant thing to do, but truth demands a contrary statement; the strings were reliable and accurate, as always, but the wind instruments uncertain. I refer particularly to the brass.

The 3d Soirée will take place on Saturday evening, Feb. 13th, when Mr. Mills will appear and the programme will include Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," op. 52, and Beethoven's Fantasia in C minor, for piano, chorus and orchestra.

Mr. Thomas's 8th Sunday concert was very well attended and the orchestral selections were very good. I quote a portion of the programme:

Overture, "Ermont".....Beethoven.
Scherzo from Reformation Symphony.....Mendelssohn.
Overture, "Lurline".....Wallace.
Air.....Bach.

Mr. Dawson (pianist) and Herr Alves (tenor) were the soloists upon this occasion.

It may or may not be known to your Boston readers that Mr. Bateman has vacated the premises at Pike's Opera House and that Mr. James Fisk (of Erie R.R. fame) is "running" the Opera Bouffe in that establishment. Mr. Adolph Birgfeld is manager.

The sale of tickets for the opening nights at Booth's new theatre is definitely announced to take place on Monday, Jan. 25th, at Irving Hall.

I hear nothing of Messrs. Mason and Thomas' delightful Chamber Music Soirées, which have been so enjoyable for many seasons, and I fear that they have shared the doom of the ill-fated Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. May they both arise, phoenix-like, from their ashes!

JAN. 25.—An "Amateur Philharmonic Society" has been formed in Brooklyn, and from its prospectus I learn that the Society will give three more concerts during the season, and that the first one took place on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19. The programme included one of Haydn's symphonies, an Overture by Suppé and solos by Miss Jennie Bull (soprano), Mr. J. M. Wilder (basso), and Mr. Giorza (pianist). The orchestra numbered something like 35, under the direction of W. T. Groenevelt. The President of the Society is R. Allen Smith, Esq., a gentleman of good musical taste. All success to this fledgling, which may supply to some extent the vacancy occasioned by the untimely demise of the regular Philharmonic Society.

Max Maretzek announces a season of Italian opera commencing on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, and terminating with a "Grand Bal d'Opera," on Tuesday, March 30. Max's manifesto opens with these significant and very pertinent words: "Mr. Maretzek has the honor to announce that, notwithstanding the discouraging condition of musical matters in this city, he is prepared, in expectation of a re-action [O Utopian and too credulous Max!] to undertake a season of twenty nights, &c., &c." He also sends many well aimed shots at the French Opera, which he designates as "An inferior class of entertainments, which now seems to have had its day."

He further announces that this will be the "Farewell Season" of Mme. La Grange, and that he has succeeded in engaging Miss Kellogg and Mme. Agatha States, together with Brignoli, Antonucci, and others. The repertoire will include the standard operas, and among the revivals will be Meyerbeer's

"Prophète" and Donizetti's "Belisario" (the latter has very rarely been given in this country): all of which signifies that Max is going to carry the war into Africa and to "move upon the enemy's works."

Mr. Thomas's 9th Sunday Concert added one to the long list of excellent musical entertainments which he has furnished to us at a very moderate price. The programme was unusually good, and I subjoin most of the orchestral selections:

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn.
Andante and Scherzo from Symphony in C.....Schubert.
Grande Fantaisie, "Tannhäuser".....Wagner.
Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini.
Nachtgesang.....Vogt.

As an encore to the "Nachtgesang" the orchestra played, very delicately, an arrangement of Schumann's heavenly "Evening Song."

Mr. Hauer (pianist) and Miss Josey Hoffe were the soloists; the latter has a soprano voice of good quality and an excellent style.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 30, 1869.

Music at Home.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The sixth concert of the Harvard Association (Jan. 21) showed no falling off in numbers or in interest. This was the programme:

Overture, "In the Highlands".....Gade.
Concert-Stück, for Piano-forte with Orchestra.....Weber.
Larghetto affettuoso, Allegro passionato, Marcia, e Rondo gioioso.

Miss Alice Dutton.
Symphony, in D, No. 4, (first time in these Concerts). Haydn.
Adagio and Presto, Andante, Minuet, Vivace.

Overture, to "Medea".....Cherubini.
Eighth Symphony, in F.....Beethoven.
Allegretto vivace, Allegro scherzando, Minuetto, Allegro vivace.

Gade's romantic and suggestive Overture charmed not less than when we heard it for the first time last year. It takes hold of the imagination at once, and transports you to still solemn mountain heights and solitude. It opens all serene and tranquil, with a certain hush of awe; far above and away from all the petty stir of life, the sense of mystery, of grander reality comes over you. And then the reverie is broken by a gay quickstep rhythm, altogether human, mingled sounds of reeds and flutes and horns, as of some light-hearted company approaching. And again, with trumpets and trombones, the strain swells to a martial and heroic pitch, full of wild Northern fervor. It was rendered with rare delicacy (at least after the wind instruments, beginning up in that cold atmosphere, got settled into sympathetic pitch), and with power; nor was attention disturbed quite so much as usual by people entering late.

Weber's *Concert-stück*, both as marking a new stage of development in this kind of composition,—romantic, without ceasing to be classical—and for its thoroughly Weber-ish individuality of thought and phrase, and now vivacious, now mysterious charm of color, was too important a work to be left out always from these programmes. There were several who could be called upon as competent interpreters in the piano part; and Miss ALICE DUTTON, though yet very young and hardly past the stage of pupillage, has so distinguished herself not only by her talent, but by what with talent is too rare, a true musical spirit, an earnest preference of the right direction, that she could well be reckoned "aufgewachsen," as the Germans say, or grown up to such a task. It is not necessary always to have a first-class virtuoso; who has not sometimes enjoyed the sincere performance of one of humbler pretensions

more than that of some of the famous ones? Encouragement at least was due to one so well committed in a good direction. In this case the prepossession in the young artist's favor, which her agreeable and modest presence won, was well confirmed by her clean, clear, intelligent and fervent rendering of the music. Fear of the want of strength for that great hall, perhaps, will account for some excess of strength (particularly in the left hand), and hence a certain frigidity of touch, in the beginning of the piece. This melted away as she warmed to her work, and the swift passages of the *Rondo gioioso* were beautifully bright and liquid. The rich orchestration, too, was realized, and the March, for wind instruments, was captivating to the sense.

The Haydn Symphony,—one of the lightest, brightest, gracefulest,—though it begins with a short serious introduction in D minor (3-4 measure), before the volatile Allegro in 6-8 flies up and seems so merrily to mock you in the air, put the whole audience in the pleasantest humor, and the musicians also. The Andante, by the even pendulum swing and tick of the accompaniment, upon which the charming melody displays itself, used once to give this the name of the "Clock" Symphony. Both theme and accompaniment pass through charming phases of variation as naturally as the clouds change shape and color. The temperate Minuet and Trio are in the happiest vein, and well worth a Haydn's art and genius in their exquisite simplicity. The Finale has a fine, swift, subtle movement that is truly fascinating. The *pianissimo* of the violins in the fugue passage near the end was beautifully crisp and even, and held the audience in breathless silence. Of course, it was not Beethoven; but it was Haydn!

Cherubini's Overture to "Medea" is a model of classical conciseness, unity and beauty. We were reminded, when we first heard it last year, of Beethoven's *Coriolanus* overture, though that of course takes hold much deeper down. But by its suppressed passion, its sombre minor hue, and the fine fire trembling in the nervous little violin phrase, of which fibre it is mainly woven, this has a certain affinity with that. A lovely sunshine steals in with the little episodic theme later. With the rendering we could find no fault.

Beethoven's eighth Symphony, shortest of the nine, is all sunshine, yet dating from his darkest period, after his deafness had become complete. It is too well known here, both through these and other concerts, to require description. Every hearing only intensifies one's feeling of its breathing beauty, its purely imaginative, creative genius (so sufficient to itself in those dark days!), and its felicitous perfection as a work of Art. What a stimulating life, as in our purest June or October air, tingles through the instrumentation, all so rich, so wholesome, and through the listening sense! You feel it and are part of it, if not in the very first chord, in the cheery salutation of the first bar. This Symphony, as well as Haydn's, has its "clock" movement, in the ever welcome *Allegro Scherzando*, only a much livelier one, more marvellously poetic and original, and, if you give yourself wholly up to it, as indeed you must, so thoroughly transporting and beatifying! A sensitive "clock" is this one; one wishes time might travel at this rate forever, and through such flowery paths! We have it in our heart to thank Mr. ZERRAHN for the more moderate tempo than usual at which he took the *Minuetto*, and *Trio* with the mellow horns, and for the marked nervous accent without which the piece loses so much of its character. On the other hand we should like for once a chance to know whether a little less of lightning speed would not render more of the fine details of the final *Allegro vivace* appreciable.

Next Thursday's Concert offers for a novelty the E-flat, or "Cologne" Symphony of Schumann, (of which some facts are told upon another page); also

Beethoven's early light Overture to the Ballet: "The Men of Prometheus," and Mendelssohn's Overture: "Beckamed at Sea and Happy Voyage." Miss ADIE RYAN will sing, with orchestra, Mozart's "Non più di fiori," from *La Clemenza di Tito*, besides songs by Mendelssohn and Hiller; and Mr. HUGO LEONHARD will play Beethoven's most poetic Concerto in G, which rare treat we have not had for two years.

The "Slow Family" are friendly cautioned not to overlook a slight appendix to the last programme, to-wit:

"SPECIAL NOTICE.—In justice to those who wish to hear the first piece on the programme, undisturbed by persons seeking their places after the Concert has begun, as well as in justice to the conductor and performers, the outer doors, hereafter, will be kept closed during the first Overture, (or first movement of an opening Symphony.)"

CAMILLA URSO. The esteem in which this lady is held by the musical profession here, both personally and as an artist of the first quality, was shown by the "Testimonial Concert" tendered her last Sunday evening in the Music Hall by "the musical fraternity of Boston." The token was sincere, many good artists, several of our best, bore part, and the programme was made up, with a few exceptions, of choice classical material. The concert was far better than most concerts of its kind,—namely, those which calculate, by over-crowded programmes, to over-crowd a hall;—albeit a certain Gilmore-ism is too patent in the "grand"-iose style of announcement and the sensational parade of rather more attractions, of more incongruous variety, than can figure on the same stage to the best advantage. But, waiving the point of taste, the imposing array of performers could be considered cheerful in a representative light; the unity of good will atoning for the violation of the unities of art. They all met on the common platform of a cordial purpose to do honor to an artist and a woman. There was a "grand orchestra of sixty" (although we counted only one or two over forty), representing the Boston Musicians' Union; there was a good Brass Band of 25; there was Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, and a chorus of 24 ladies and 24 gentlemen, made up of leading resident soloists and choristers (among the sopranos: Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs. Fowle, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Miss Whitten, Miss Granger, Miss Gates, &c.; among the contraltos: Mrs. Barry, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Shattuck; tenors: Winch, Macdonald, Farley, Davis, &c.; Basses: Rudolphsen, Powers, Ardavani, Ryder, Barnabee, &c.) Then there was Mr. LANG, for pianist; Mr. WILLCOX, for organist; and four Conductors: ZERRAHN, KOPFITZ, D. C. HALL and GILMORE. These were the selections:

Overture, "Stabat Mater".....Mercadante.
Grand Orchestra of Sixty.
Choral, "Ave Verum.".....Mozart.
By Full Chorus.
Grand Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga".....Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Prayer, "Ave Maria".....Wallace.
Hall's Boston Brass Band.
"Evening falls." Quartet.....Lachner.
Sung by Ladies.
Capriccio in B Minor. Piano-forte.....Mendelssohn.
Mr. B. J. Lang.

Overture, "Son and Stranger".....Mendelssohn.
Concerto for Violin, Op. 61.....Beethoven.
Camilla Urso.
Aria, "Return, O God of Hosts." (Samson).....Handel.
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Ave Maria.....Gounod.
Sung by a Soprano Choir, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Piano and Organ. Violin Obligato by Camilla Urso.
Overture, "Reminiscences of Ossian".....Gade.
Choral for Male Voices, "Integer Vitæ".....Fleming.
Sung by Twenty-five Gentlemen.

Of course the finest thing was Mme. Urso's playing of the Beethoven Concerto, which she had so conscientiously studied for the Harvard Concert, and in which (considering that she had never heard it played, and had to trust to her own instinct, or insight, in lieu of the traditions as to its interpretation) she certainly achieved a very remarkable success. Even in the incongruous surroundings of the present

programme, and on a much more miscellaneous audience, the piece and her interpretation made a profound impression. Next in interest to us was Mozart's *Ave Verum*, that short and perfect model of rich, even harmony, so seldom heard among us; it was beautifully sung. Mr. Lang's playing of the Mendelssohn *Capriccio* was clean, fine, artist-like, as usual. But let us not forget the large and noble singing of Miss Phillipps, in airs which she has made her own.

Mendelssohn's fresh little Overture was well played under Mr. Kopfitz; but the fine Overture, Gade's "Ossian," was omitted (where there is a crowd of things it is commonly the best that go to the wall)! The Mercadante affair is nothing but a *pot-pourri* of *Stabat Mater* melodies, ending with a weak and jejune fugue, and was conducted by Mr. Gilmore. The chorus singing was all good; but it was an anticlimax to end the concert with Flemming's very simple little students' part-song: *Integer vitæ*, effective as it is. Indeed the programme, in spite of so many good things, was heavily composed, and the leading on and off of such various elements involved tedious delays. "Monster" concerts may be imposing (to the improvident "seekers for a sign," beforehand), but they are certain to be dull. Mme. Urso doubtless appreciated the good will and enthusiasm of the demonstration; but so high an artist is worthy of a testimonial under pure artistic auspices, and such, we think, in spirit and reality, though not in name, she has already had.

Two evenings after the Harvard Concert, Camilla Urso played the Beethoven Concerto also at the New York Philharmonic, with equal success; and more recently has signalized the opening of the newly formed Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia, by her beautiful interpretation of the Mendelssohn Concerto. She will soon be *en route*, overland, for California, to fulfil a lucrative engagement of some months. From the Philadelphia Society she has received the following mark of honor:

Philadelphia, January 22, 1869.

MME. CAMILLA URSO.—I take great pleasure in informing you, that at a full meeting of the members of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, held this afternoon, you were elected unanimously an "honorary member" of said Society.

Trusting that you will accept it in the same kindly feeling with which the vote was given, I remain.

Very respectfully yours,

J. A. GETZE, Secretary.

Ad Alma Mater.

Alma Mater amabilis.	Semper te amavimus.
Mater Harvardiensis.	Semper honoravimus;
Agedum, affabile.	In alios peccavimus;
Solve nos a penis.	Tibi fidi sumus.
Nunc cum eet edendum.	Veniat jam copia.
Bibendum et ridendum.	Optimum solamen;
Præterea canendum.	Veniat inopia.
Ades nobis mensis.	Pessimum gravamen;
Mater, a te discere	Tu dum sis—dulcissima
Nos gavisi sumus;	Mater, dilectissima.
Ne nos obliviscere	Nobis benignissima.
Cum habebit humus.	Nunc et semper. Amen.

The above new College Song, both words and music, (simple and expressive, chastely harmonized) by Mr. FRANCIS BOOTT, was sung last week in Cambridge at a concert of the Pierian Sodality (out of which thirty years ago the Harvard Musical Association sprang) and the Harvard Glee Club. The instrumental portion consisted of a couple of light Overtures, a couple of Strauss waltzes, and a Cornet solo; the vocal, of part-songs, such as Mendelssohn's "Voyage," Abt's "Water-Lily," an *Ave Maria* by the same for tenor solo and chorus, the Latin song above named, also for tenor solo and chorus, a tenor solo by Donizetti, a Duet from *Semiramide* and College Songs.

NEW YORK.—The revival of the old Madrigals in the concert of an amateur club, described by our correspondent in our last, has inspired some gay and festive gentleman "of the old school" to hold forth as follows in the *Tribune*:

OLD-FASHIONED MUSIC.—Have the Dirty Drama and Obscene Opera got to the end of their tether, we wonder, or is it only the charm of novelty which has turned us back all at once to the music of our great-grandfathers, and set us a-tripping over shaven lawns in the stately country-dance instead of kicking up our heels in the can-can, and watching the pirou-

ettes of the ballet? Last night, at Steinway Hall, there was a performance—the second within a few weeks—of the lovely old madrigals in which powdered and brocaded lovers of the seventeenth century used to delight, and it drew forth one of the largest, most brilliant, most truly fashionable audiences that have assembled at any place of public amusement in New York for a year or two. And they all liked those dear old love songs. They smiled and nodded with pleasure over the joyous choruses; they applauded generally in the right place; they encoored perhaps a silly ballad or so, as the way of mixed audiences is, but they asked for a repetition of the best of the songs, and it was clear enough that good music had found for once in New York a company of appreciative listeners. There is a fine aroma of antiquity about these old-time madrigals, like the delicate perfume that clings to a court-dress laid aside in lavender for two or three generations. The flavor brings to mind all the prim elegance of that golden age of good manners, when Amaryllis practiced her curtsies under the willows, and Alexis wooed his shepherdess on an oaten reed, and Corydon and Phillis tripped down the meadow hand in hand to the measure of a minuet. Then Sacharissa, in powder, and patches, and swelling petticoats, languished in the shade of the laurels, and Lubin, in brocade breeches, courted Melisaviva with all the elegance of a Grandison. To be sure this was very ridiculous—but then it was very pretty. The hind and his mistress in reality were by no means poetical—but why should not poetry take the liberty of refining them? The restraint of the drawing-room is better than the license of the gutters. Amyntas, he never such a fool, is better than a Geoffroy or a Fritz. And so far as concerns the music to which these scenes of polished gallantry were wedded, it must be admitted that it was not only pretty, but good. It rollicks among sweets and flowers, but it is no mere lackadaisical nonsense, like the songs which infest modern concert rooms; there is true inspiration in the sparkling melodies, and sound science in the counterpoint, and therefore the best madrigals of the 16th and 17th centuries will last long years after the amatory verses to which they are wedded, have sunk into hopeless ridicule.

The success of the two performances of this sort of music which have been given this winter at Steinway Hall we regard as an encouraging sign of the existence of a true love and appreciation of the beautiful in a community which we feared was hopelessly debauched by legs, sawdust, and spangles. Whatever else we may have learned, we have not learned to write songs. We can do no better than return to our ancestors, and evidences are not wanting that a large portion of our music-loving public are ready for the change. These madrigal singers are doing a good work. Let us have more of it.

PHILADELPHIA.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, Jan. 16, to a large audience. The orchestra was very large for Philadelphia, numbering nearly seventy good performers. For a first performance it was excellent, and many good judges have expressed the opinion that there has not been a better one of a symphony in Philadelphia than that of Beethoven in A major, since the days of Jullien's orchestra. The selection from *Lurline* and the Jubilee overture were admirably given, and, for a first concert of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Society, the success was decided and gratifying, even though the critical may have discovered some blemishes. Mme. Camilla Urso's violin performance was wholly unexceptionable; and Mr. Jarvis gave a Chopin concerto with his usual spirit and skill. It is announced that the February 13th concert will have an excellent programme, including Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, a Beethoven sonata played by Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, and a violoncello piece by that excellent artist Rudolph Hennig.

The popularity of the Sentz Hassler orchestra matinees was shown on Saturday by the immense audience in the Musical Fund Hall. The *Reformation Symphony* was received with great favor, the *allegro vivace* being encoored. Hahnstock's *Fest Overture* gave universal satisfaction by its elevated style and fine coloring. It must long hold the popular favor both for its superior instrumentation and beautiful motives. The *Hail Columbia* was announced by the horns with thrilling effect. Much curiosity was expressed to hear Jerome Hopkins, whose active efforts in New York for the advancement of art have spread his name far and wide. He has a vigorous, nervous style, deals in broad contrasts, and lays his colors on to produce startling effects. As a pianist, he possesses the advantage of soon enlisting the attention of his audience, and holding it to the end of the piece. His *Mermaid Rhapsody* was vociferously applauded.

and warmly deserved an *encore*. Next Saturday Mr. H. G. Thumder will play a solo by Mendelssohn for piano and orchestra. A splendid programme is under preparation for Schubert's birthday, to be made up of the works of the great modern German master. —*Bulletin*, Jan. 18.

Mr. Jarvis's third Soirée was given on Saturday evening at Natatorium Hall and was more largely attended than ever. The whole programme was admirably performed, Mr. Jarvis playing superbly in every one of the five pieces. Mr. Gulemann won new friends by his fine execution, and Mr. Hennig gave his violoncello solo, a romance by Franchomme, with an enthusiasm of expression that delighted the audience. The concert closed with Schumann's Quartet, op. 47, by Messrs. Jarvis, Gulemann, Kammerer and Hennig, who gave this fine composition with charming effect.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's programme, Jan. 15, was as follows:

Sonata, A major, Piano and Violin.....	Raff.
Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Allegro finale.	Messrs. Wolfsohn and Colonne.
Andante, Solo Violoncello.....	Molique.
Fantaisie-Stücke.	Rudolph Hennig.
"Des Abends"—"Traumeswirren."	Schumann.
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Pastorale, Solo Violin.....	Robertschts.
Edouard Colonne.	
Au Bord du Lac, (new).....	Wolfsohn.
Carl Wolfsohn.	
Trio, D minor.....	Mendelssohn.
Messrs. Wolfsohn, Colonne and Hennig.	

Mr. Wolfsohn claims for the first piece in the list that it is the very best duet of its peculiar class in existence. It is a representative composition of the new romantic school, of which Mr. Wolfsohn has been the apostle in this city.

Drexel's Musical Library.

(From the Philadelphia Age).

Joseph W. Drexel, Esq., has just printed, for the use of himself and his friends, the first part of the catalogue of the contents of his Musical Library. It is of great interest to those fond of music and its literature. This first part is devoted to an enumeration of "Musical Writings." Autographs of celebrated musicians, prints relating to music (including portraits of composers, etc.) and music for the church, theatre, concert-room, &c., will be comprehended in other additional parts. In a short prefatory note, Mr. Drexel informs us that in this department "will be found a copy of the first edition of Handel's oratorios in score;" likewise that his "library was formed by the union of libraries of Mr. H. F. Albrecht, of the late Germania Musical Society, and the late Dr. R. La Roche, being augmented by frequent purchase and importation of works from Europe. Mr. Albrecht spent over thirteen years in different countries in the formation of his collection, and it is to his untiring energy that the present collection is due."

Few American gentlemen have the taste and disposition to form a similar collection, and few musicians of Germany or any other country have the means to indulge such an expensive gratification. Hence it is doubtful if there exists so large a private collection devoted to this specialty, unless it may be Herr C. F. Becker's, in Leipzig, which, however, is incorporated in the city library, the authorities settling upon him a handsome life annuity, with the privilege of using the books as if still his property, till death. Private collections generally contain less than a thousand volumes, rarely so many as eight hundred. The Drexel Library contains over 1,500 works, and about 2,200 volumes. There is no public musical library, we believe, in the United States, the student of musical writings being driven from the scant shelves of our public libraries to the necessity to purchase whatever books he may need, as far as his means will allow him. We would caution such enthusiasts not to expect assistance or sympathy from literary or scientific gentlemen, whose aesthetic education is of native growth, for it can scarcely be controverted that the American mind is sadly deficient in this essential of a perfect whole. There are in Europe some musical libraries of great resources and untold value. The royal library (we refer to the one department of music) in Berlin is supposed to be worth over a million of dollars. It is prepared to pay \$10,000 for a copy of a work of which only two copies are known to exist—one in the Imperial library at Paris, and the other in the collection at Gotha. It is a dictionary, the first printed book on music, believed by Dr. Barney to have been published in Naples, in 1474. The Library of the "Society of Friends of Music" in Vienna; the Imperial Libraries at Paris and Vienna; the Royal Library at Munich; the City Library at Leipzig, are among those devoted specially to music, acknowledged to be of the great-

est importance. There are some books, MSS., etc., in the British Museum, but not separated from the other parts of the library.

In Mr. Drexel's collection may be found some very rare and interesting works, viz.: The first edition of Brossard's "Dictionnaire de Musique," in folio; several works from the sixteenth century, by Faber, Gaffarius, Zarino, Ziraldu, Agrippa, and others; a copy of Aristoxenus, a philosopher and musician, born at Tarentum, (a city in Magna Græcia, now Calabria,) who lived three hundred and fifty years before Jesus Christ. His is the oldest work on music, and was printed in 1616, with the title "Auctores Musices Antiquissimi." There is also a fine fac-simile copy of Philodemus' "Tractatus de Musica" (in Greek, with a Latin translation), the original MS. of which was found about one hundred years ago in the ruins of Herculaneum. The author lived in the time of Cicero.

The first collections of musical writings were made in the eighteenth century, by Martini, Bach, Mattheson, Marpur, Forkel and Gerber. These celebrated authors used first the words "musikalische Schriften" (musical writings), and these have been continued to the present day; but the words "musical writings" are not found, it is alleged, in any English dictionary. This is explained by the absence of such literature in England until a comparatively recent period. New things coming into use, new words must be found for them, and no more appropriate designation, it occurs to us, can be formed.

The classifications made by Mr. Albrecht (who is now in charge of Mr. Drexel's library) are calculated to greatly aid in finding any book desired, and might be adopted with advantage in forming the catalogues of all large libraries where the variety of subjects, dates, languages, etc., often makes confusion and embarrasses the student. In as condensed space as possible, we will attempt to illustrate this admirable and original plan:

1. The number of works in each language.
2. The same divided into centuries.
3. Each language separated into different centuries.
4. A division of contents into twelve heads or varieties.
5. The History of Music separated as to language and century.
6. Biographies treated in the same manner.
7. Dictionaries.
8. Bibliography.
9. Theory of musical composition.
10. Instruction books for voices and instruments.
11. Musical journals.
12. Acoustics, or science of sound.
13. Construction of instruments.
14. Essays on musical expression.
15. Reports, etc., of musical societies.
16. Musical novels, almanacs, description of musical festivals, musical travels, polemical and satirical writings, etc.
17. A tabular recapitulation as to works, volumes and periods.
18. A tabular recapitulation relating to language, works and volumes.

Then follow, under the head of

"HISTORY OF MUSIC,"

divisions designating the language in which the works are written, and a division having the catalogue number in large type, with a smaller type indicating in how many volumes; other small marks indicate the century in which published.

The others of the twelve heads: "Biographies," "Dictionaries," etc., are treated with the same careful detail and minute instruction. Finally we come to the full title, date and description of the work, in alphabetical order, as commonly found in catalogues. The advantages of this ingenious and concise arrangement—for it occupies very little space—can scarcely be shown by description, but upon inspection and examination they must be apparent, and will probably lead to imitation in the preparation of future catalogues. We claim originality in Mr. Albrecht, and hope that due credit may be given to this modest musician, who blushing requested that his name be not mentioned. As Mr. Drexel has said, to him are we mainly indebted for such a rich and unique collection in our city, where we hope and plead that it may be retained. Now that Mr. Drexel has gone so far, may he be persuaded to continue to add the daily increasing works on music which appear from time to time. We miss the works of Kastner, Driesbach, Helmholtz, Hullah, Jebb, Lunn, Macfarren, Clement, the France *Musical*, for which Félix wrote so many valuable papers, and the English journals, sermons, and pamphlets which are just now so interesting from the discussions about church music. With a collection so nearly complete our appetite grows, and we sigh for a perfect fulfilment. But let us rejoice in the possession among us of so many treasures, and let us pray that Mr. Drexel may find it in his heart to provide for them a lasting home in some public institution which may feel the responsibility of the charge entrusted to it, and where the members of the press and students of the divine art may have free access for their enlightenment and instruction.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Cheerfulness. (Frohsinn). Duet. 3. C to G. *Gumbert.* 75
An admirable duet, filled with the spirit of cheerfulness and sunshine.
- Down among the Lily Bells. 3. Bb to f. *L. W. D.* 30
A very sweet song with a pretty chorus.
- What does little Birdie say? 3. Eb to f. *Sullivan.* 30
As the title indicates, very neat and sweet.
- Lancashire Lass. Comic. *Pratt.* 30
Good melody, and will be a favorite.
- How stupid some men are! (Ah! que les hommes sont bêtes). 3. Eb to f. *"La Perichole."* 30
In the amusing scene, where *La Perichole* is trying to persuade her jealous lover that she is acting for his good, while he is too dull, or too straight forward to see it.
- Cavalier and Captive. (L'Espagnol et la jeune Indienne). *"La Perichole."* 4)
One of the most favorite songs of the opera.

Instrumental.

- Hamilton Galop. 3. F. *Wright.* 30
By a band-master, and a bright, effective piece. For bands, or for piano.
- Harp of the North. *Engelbrecht.*
1. Annie Laurie. 4. Eb. 40
2. Comin' thro' the Rye. 5. Bb. 40
Give an entirely new life to the well-known airs, and are very effective and graceful arrangements.
- Apollo Grand March. 3. Eb. *Bunner.* 30
Autumn Flower Waltz. 3. F. 40
The first march of considerable power, and both are bright and pleasing.
- La Forêt. (The Woods). Impromptu Brillante. 4. C. *Talery.* 95
Seems, at first sight, to be entirely composed of arpeggios, but there are many light runs. Graceful, and suggestive of forest sounds, and forest thoughts.
- Up in a Balloon. Waltz. 2. Bb. *Pratt.* 35
Galop. 2. F. *Knight.* 30
The last also contains the melody of "the Broadway stage." Both pleasing.
- L'Œil crevé. Quadrille. 3. *Knight.* 40
Galop. 3. A. 30
Waltz. 3. A. 30
Three brilliant arrangements from this pretty opera.
- Felice Notta. (Happy Night.) Barcarolle. 4. G. *Pauer.* 75
With much character, yet with a sweet, smooth, gliding movement.
- Don Carlos. (Boquet de Melodies). 4. *Beyer.* 75
Good arrangements from this impressive opera.
- Lancashire Lass Waltz. 2. D. *Pratt.* 30
The song before mentioned, well arranged for piano.
- Ma Petite Marie Waltz. 3. Eb. *Dosch.* 30
Piquant and pleasing.

Books.

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A splendid collection of materials for training and building the voice and taste in singing. It is based on Garcia's celebrated Method, but adapted especially to the wants of teachers and pupils among us. The directions are plain, and the whole will be eminently useful.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c., A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

